

To my dearest for
Feb: 4th 1921.

1. A True Hymn
2. my heart's desire
George Herbert

My joy, my life, my crown!
My heart was meaning all the day.
Somewhat it fain would say:
And still it runneth mull'ring up and down
With only this, My joy, my life, my crown!

Lord, my heart's desire
Unto Thee is best,
I aspire
To a full consent

Though I fail, I weep,
Though I halt in pace,
Yet I weep
To the Throne of Grace.

I. A True Hymn

George Herbert.

Allergo felice.

joy, my life, my crown! my heart was meaning all the day

Something it fair would say. And still it runneth murthering up and down with

only this: my joy! my life! my crown!

